

AGE EVE IN ESQUIMAU GARB.

ARE THE HUNTED ANARCHISTS OF EUROPE COMING HERE?

A STRANGE PREHISTORIC DRAGON.



THE people of the farthest North cannot be expected to think of Mother Eve as we do. If it is warm enough for them to release their noses and ears from seal-skin muffs, they think the air is full of humidity and talk of going to the seashore. A German dramatist has worked up this idea into a four-act play, which introduces Mother Eve as the different peoples of the world imagine her to have looked. There are black Eves and yellow and olive colored Eves; Eves that wear a feather bon and an abbreviated skirt; tattooed Eves, and Eves in fur overalls. In the latter role a young woman has just made a success in Vienna. She is Agathe Barrescu, whose picture shows that a pretty woman can look pretty even in outlandish garb.



ANARCHISM as a profession has reached a point where its crimes are now attracting the official recognition of the European Governments, and it has been proposed during the week that the foreign powers shall unite and take action to stamp anarchy out by driving the anarchists from those countries.

If the vigorous measures of the foreign police drove the anarchists out of Europe, it is predicted that they will make New York their headquarters.

Success in their undertakings and notoriety about their deeds, even though death be the penalty, are the greatest encouragement that anarchists desire, and are invariably attended with a temporary renewal and speed of the evil. Europe may consequently expect in the near future to hear more of these treacherous individuals.

The capitals of Europe are hotbeds of conspiracy. And the police of Berlin, Paris, Milan, Madrid and Barcelona will need to be very wide awake and to watch closely the anarchists' dens that exist in those cities if they are to prevent any serious misdeeds occurring at an early date.

German anarchists usually do the thinking, and Frenchmen and Italians are ordinarily the executives. The Italian above all is considered the most suitable right arm. He knows the use of the knife and he is familiar with vendetta and Mafia, rankling vindictiveness and organized methods of murder.

"Our work is complete, universal, implacable destruction," said the Italian anarchist, Bandini, to the present writer. "Nothing will stay us until capitalists are destroyed and all their property confiscated."

"Now tell me frankly," I said, "and leaving aside all question of these theories and principles of yours, do you not really feel a certain satisfaction at the thought of murdering and butchering those who are in higher stations than you?"

"To tell you candidly," was the reply, "I really do, and so, I believe, do all the



SALVADOR FRANCH



MICHELE ANGIOLILLO



CASERIO SANTO

of the Czar. This officer would present himself at the window of the railway carriages and would walk freely abroad, to be made the target of bullets and bombs meant for the Autocrat of the Russians.

The present Czar, since coming to the throne, has grown so nervous over the fear of attacks on his life that his original vigor of body has given way, and he is feeble and decrepit long before his time. It will be remembered that his unjustified alarm some months ago at the approach of a gardener in his park, near the Kremlin, caused the unfortunate man to be shot dead by a sentry.

In the reawakening of anarchism in this last quarter of a century the bomb was made the favorite weapon. It was far-reaching in its effects, and it could work by stealth and alone, an ignited fuse being all the active agency required.

On the night of November 7, 1893, two bombs were thrown into the Liceo Theatre in Barcelona, and hundreds of young and unoffending lives were destroyed.

On December 9 of the same year Vallant threw a bomb into the French Chamber of Deputies and eighty persons were injured, including a prelate, Mgr. d'Hulst, and a Minister, M. Dupuy.

Rayachol had preceded Vallant, and won legendary fame. With six bombs he on different occasions blew up the house of the Princess de Sagan; the residence of Judge Benoit, who was unusually severe on anarchists; a store at the corner of Rue de Clugny and Rue de Berlin, where twenty persons were killed or wounded; the Cafe Vercy, where two young people dining were killed to eternity; and finally a portion of the Palais de Justice.

All these exploits were performed in the first months of 1892. Two juries brought Rayachol in "not guilty," frankly admitting that they were afraid of their lives to condemn him, although they clearly recognized he had committed the crimes attributed to him. Mothers in France at this day frighten their restive or unruly children by threatening to hand them over to Rayachol.

Then the bomb was replaced by the dagger. The latter weapon had not the in-

WORKMEN in a Warwickshire quarry in Stockton, England, have unearthed a remarkable specimen of the Lower Middle Lias fossil, known as the Ichthyosaurus, a complete specimen of which has not heretofore been found. It is twenty feet long and was disclosed forty-five feet below the surface of the quarry deposit. The head is two feet across and three feet ten inches long. The paddles, unusually distinct, there being four of them, measure forward three feet ten inches, one foot eight inches behind. The tail, abruptly curved in the middle, is perhaps twelve feet in length. Some of the lumbar vertebrae are slightly displaced, but the fossil is otherwise complete, bearing the missing pelvic ring, which Mr. M. Lakin, the owner of the quarry, hopes to recover, having instructed his workmen to prosecute a diligent search for it.



Europe's Gayest Princess Under Punishment.

ROME, Sept. 8.—"Europe's gayest Princess" is the phrase by which Her Imperial Highness, Princess Maria Letitia Bonaparte, is known throughout the Continent. She has the blood of Napoleon Bonaparte in her veins and she is the widow of Prince Amedeo of Aosta, the brother of the present King of Italy, and himself at one time King of Spain. This marriage connection makes the Princess stepmother of Prince Victor, Count of Turin, the young man of blue blood who has recently been starting in America.

Princess Letitia married young and was a widow before she was fully grown. The vigorous blood of the old Corsican family courses in the veins of this young and healthy woman. Her station in life prevents her venting her surplus energy and animal spirits in work or labor of any kind. But live she must, and so she discards many of the conventions that in countries like Italy hold back a woman of high station from physical enjoyment.

Princess Letitia goes hunting, shooting, riding, rowing and bicycling, especially where she can be seen by every passer-by. She is an expert sportswoman. Italy boasts none equal and Europe none superior. She is proud accordingly that her prowess may be witnessed by the many.

The Princess is high-spirited and at times apparently somewhat haughty, but it is only when she feels it is called for.

Quite recently Her Highness was riding a bicycle through the streets of Turin. A company of soldiers, under the command of a captain, was coming in the opposite direction, and she expected she would receive from them the military salute which is her due. But the captain and soldiers passed without paying her any honor. This raised her mettle. She turned back her wheel, and riding up to the captain, publicly expostulated with him. He protested that he had not recognized her in bicycle costume and assured her that otherwise he would have saluted. She there and then insisted that the entire company be made to halt and that arms be presented to her as she rode past on the wheel. It was done as she desired.

The rumor of this piquant scene quickly reached the ears of King Humbert. He viewed the incident in a different light from the Princess. He decreed that she had been in the wrong, and ordained that, by way of punishment, she should be deprived for two weeks of the privilege of having her coachman and lackeys wear the red, or Court, livery, when she drove out.

The punishment does not weigh heavily on her. She declares that during these two weeks she will either drive out in a trap without servants or will go abroad all the time on her bicycle.

The Princess has long been a thorn in the side of the royal family of Italy. It is not likely that this funny little attempt at punishment will reform her. She started riding the bicycle five years before any woman of good society, let alone royal rank, dared to do so.



Typical Scene in the Italian Anarchists' Headquarters in Paris.

anarchists of the militant class."

The truth is, anarchists are of two kinds. There are the theoretical or doctrinal anarchists, who preach the end of law and order and of the rules and principles that guide modern society. Sebastian Faure, in Paris, is the chief exponent of this body, and to the same class belong the frequenters of the publicly known anarchist clubs in London, Paris and other cities.

Any one can enter an anarchist club in London and can pass an amusing Sunday afternoon, if he desires. There he will see a number of earnest men imbibing beer and mutually and vainly endeavoring to convince each other.

But there is another order of anarchists,—strangely enough, nearly all are Italians,—that to which Caserio, who stabbed Carnot, and Angiolillo, who shot Canovas, and Accoritto, who tried to kill the King of Greece, and Lucchea, the assassin of the Austrian Empress, belong. This class is a real and actual danger to society, and the governments of the civilized countries of the world will probably have to combine to stamp it ruthlessly out of existence. It is well known that militant anarchists in Europe are usually well provided with money wherewith they live, travel and compass their dastardly ends. Over there it is alleged that most of this money comes from the United States. If such be the case, then the Government of this country has something to see to and to deal with energetically and effectively.

Not till Orain, who was also Italian born, tried to destroy the life of Napoleon III., in 1858, with a bomb did half the human race ever hear the words anarchy and anarchist or understand what they meant. Within the last quarter of a century, however, the hurling of bombs and the hideous use of the stiletto have so developed that on the continent of Europe women and children are to a great degree in constant dread of the bugbear anarchist, and men in high station cannot for an hour together call their souls their own.

The shadow of sudden and bloody death is constantly hanging over them, and the swish of imaginary bombs and the flash of the cold blade are among their terrors and preoccupations.

The nihilists in Russia lay claim to a political motive for their conspiracy toward the destruction of life. Kinsmen of theirs, fathers, brothers, sisters, cousins, are in exile in Siberia, and they hope to redress this evil condition of government that wantonly inflicts inhuman torture. But they are in the same boat with the anarchists, inasmuch as they adopt the same methods. And long before Alexander II. fell a victim to the bomb of Ryssakoff the Czar of Russia knew the quaking fear of the nihilists' explosives.

Over and over again attempts were made on the life of the late Emperor, Alexander III. Such was the perpetual terror hanging over the head of this strong man that, when he travelled, he used to bring with him an officer of his own build, attired and disguised to correspond with the pictures

convenience of being hard to handle and conceal. Santo Caserio, in open day, on June 24, 1894, had no trouble in plunging his stiletto into the heart of President Carnot, although the latter was being feigned by the whole city of Lyons, and his carriage was surrounded by officers of the Republican Guard.

It was by the vilest accident that King Humbert of Italy's life was not cut off by an anarchist in April of last year as he drove to the Capannelle races. Giovanni Accoritto's foot slipped as he stepped on the King's carriage, and all nerve was thus taken from the blow which he aimed at the monarch's heart.

Angiolillo, another Italian anarchist, was more successful in the attempt which he made on the virtual ruler of another nation. The steel which he held in readiness escaped the eyes of the police and of the special detectives, and on a quiet Sunday afternoon, some thirteen months ago, he let out the life blood of Spain's Prime Minister, Senor Canovas del Castillo.

The present year has been fertile enough in anarchical exploits. On the evening of February 28 a murderous attack was made on the life of the King of Greece. Successive attempts were made on Nicholas II., Czar of Russia, and on Wilhelmina I., the newly crowned Queen of Holland.

Now all the civilized world has been startled with horror at the cold-blooded murder of the Empress of Austria, an amiable lady, whose only crime was that in spite of herself she was graced with a double crown.

SHOULD A BACHELOR CHAPERON A MAID?

MISS HALLIE ERMINE RIVES, author of "Smoking Flax," and cousin of Princess Troubetsky, who, as Amelia Rives startled the world with the daring "The Quick or the Dead," has written her second novel, which will be published within a fortnight.

The title of the new novel is "As the Hart Panteth." Its title is derived from the Biblical simile "As the hart panteth after the waterbrook, so panteth my soul after Thee, O Lord." The young author's conception of the longing of the woman's soul for an ideal of manliness is expressed by the title of her novel, "As the Hart Panteth."

The story raises an odd question of ethics. Is a bachelor a proper chaperon for a young girl?

Miss Rives, who arrived from Kentucky last week and will spend the winter with Mrs. George Sproull, at No. 40 West Forty-seventh street, says of her book:

"As the Hart Panteth" is a trilogy of childhood, youth and mature womanhood. Its aim is to show the development of a girl's individuality under the fostering care of a man's mind. It raises the question of manly chaperonage. It asks—straightfor-

wardly and clearly whether a young girl in a great city may not be far better off, and more wisely directed and guided by a sustaining faith in the man she loves, than she could be under the eye of the most watchful and conventional chaperon.

"It is a story of the uplifting force of love to genius, and of the effect of the hopeless and fierce recoil of that genius upon itself when the support upon which it had leaned to effect its growth is finally removed.

"Is comfort better than satisfaction? Is the possession of a heart better than the possession of achievement and success? Is art to be put above the affections? Does art perfect itself through the affections or does its growth suffer through the development of passion and the turning into earthly channels of the energy, vivacity and nerve which of right are genius's own?

"And when the inevitable conflict arises, which should yield? Love condemned may snatch victory from a defeat, and that victory may mean the undoing of the victor. He who tramples on love must be ware its sting. These are the questionings and this the warning of the book."

APE OF THE LOCK CASE IN COURT.

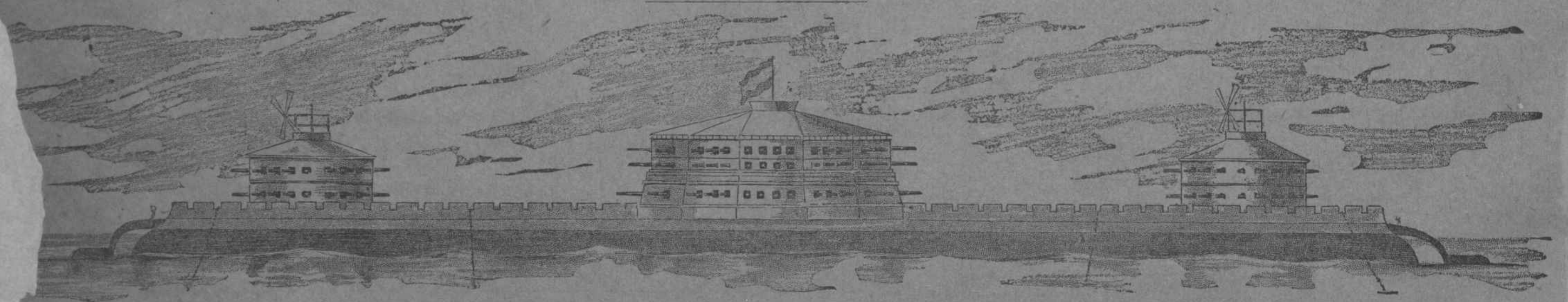
man in Vienna, Wenzel me. In despair I threw my arms around by name, was recently her neck and wept for grief. Then I regarded her lordly locks. Achi! Madness of cutting off and de- possessed me. I cut one and red, and she- strain lock of golden side ran for the police."

Veronica, addressing the Magistrate from the back of the court: "I wait my hair back—he shall give it back!" Counsel to the accused: "Have you said it?" The Prisoner (tapping his pocket): "No, I have it here—every hair of it." The Judge to the prisoner: "Will you give her her hair?" The Prisoner (to the prosecu- trix): "Never, never—now less than ever."

The Prisoner (resolutely): "Then I keep the lock."

The Court acquitted Wenzel of the charge of assault and robbery, and he left the scene mournful, but still in possession of his plundered hair.

NAPOLEON'S IDEA FOR A BIG FLOATING FORTRESS TO CROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.



A Bonaparte's Floating Military Camp, 1,500 Feet in Length, to Be Towed Across the Channel to Attack the English Coast, with Powder Magazines, Gun Turrets and Room for 15,000 Armed Men in Battle Line—The Diagram Drawn by Himself.